

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1874.

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## Banks and Insurance.

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(MUTUAL)  
**INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
ASSETS OVER \$300,000.  
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6 MONTHS " " 2.00  
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Magazines and New Books purchased every month.  
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1874. JOHN RAEMSCH, 1874.  
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**NOTARY PUBLIC.**  
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**JOSEPH K. OAKES,**  
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All orders promptly executed.

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Custom Work carefully attended to.

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**ARCHDEACON'S HOTEL,**  
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This Hotel was established in 1809, and has recently been handsomely refitted. A first-class Restaurant connected with the Hotel.  
Apr. 1st

**MISS JOANNA B. HARVEY,**  
(SOPRANO)  
PUPIL OF SIGNOR A. BARILL  
Teacher of  
**VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.**  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**MISS L. L. BIDDLEPH'S**  
**School for Boys and Girls.**  
Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.  
Fall Term opens Sept. 1st, 1873.

## Miscellany.

### OUR LITTLE GHOST.

BY LUCIA M. ALCOCK.

Oh in the silence of the night,  
When wintry winds are whistling,  
And we hear the owl's shrill cry,  
In the quiet, dusky chamber,  
Hushed up between two sleepers,  
Comes a spirit all of white.

A winsome little ghost it is,  
With yellow curls all breaking loose  
From a small cap pushed away,  
Up it climbs among the pillows,  
For the "big dark" brings no dread,  
And a baby's boundless fancy  
Makes a kingdom of a bed.

A fearless little ghost it is,  
Safe the night seems as the day;  
The moon is but a gentle face,  
And the shining windows are gay.  
The sunlight is full of friends,  
And the hour brings no regrets;  
For in this happy little soul,  
Shines a sun that never sets.

A merry little ghost it is,  
Dancing gaily by itself,  
On the flowery counterpane,  
Like a trickster household elf;  
Nothing to the faithful shadows,  
As they flicker on the wall;  
Talking to familiar pictures,  
Mistaking the owl's shrill call.

A thoughtful little ghost it is;  
And when lonely gambols tire,  
With chubby hands on chubby knees,  
It sits winking at the fire.  
Fancies, innocent and lovely,  
Shine before those baby eyes—  
Endless fields of dandelions,  
Brooks, and birds, and butterflies.

A loving little ghost it is,  
When crept into its nest,  
Its head on father's shoulder laid,  
Its head on mother's breast,  
It watches each familiar face  
With its tranquil, trusting eye;  
And, like a sleepy little bird,  
Sings the own soft lullaby.

Then those who feigned to sleep before,  
Lest baby play till dawn,  
Wake and watch their faded flower—  
Little rose without a thorn—  
And, in the silence of the night,  
The heart that love's most  
Pray tenderly above its sleep,  
"God bless our little ghost!"

**VARIETIES.**  
Two heads are better than one—especially in a barrel.

A lad crawled into a sugar hoghead, and his first exclamation was, "Oh, for a thousand tongues!"

A Richmond gentleman engaged in the delightful task of knocking the icicles off the peach blossoms in his garden last week.

A veteran observer remarks that mankind loves mysteries. A hole in the ground excites more inquiry than a star in the heavens.

Take a look at the new lot of the present season. It is decidedly a segment of a stove-pipe, tall, straight, possessing neither grace or beauty.

Butler will be fifty-six years old next November. The proposal to make the anniversary of his birth a day of national fasting and prayer excites much enthusiasm.

Here is the obituary notice of an office-holder in Iowa: "Harvey Jackson, County Treasurer, is dead. He was lenient with the widow, and his books always balanced."

The quickest way we know of to make a man believe that there's nothing in the world worth living for is to execute him into chasing a cat across a yard where two or three clothes lines are innocently swaying in the evening breeze.

A little boy who had not been well coached was being examined with a view of developing his theological attainments. To the question, "What becomes of men who get rich by cheating and stealing?" he promptly replied, "They go to Europe, sir."

A Boston paper wonders why a member of Congress who recently spoke with so much feeling of the "hay seed in his hair," and "oats in his throat," forgot to complete the diagnosis of the case by alluding to the rye in his stomach.

The wind has gone into the crusading business at Brooklyn, Jackson County, Mich. Late it took down an undertaker's sign from its fastenings, and deposited it in front of a whisky shop informing passers-by that "Caskets and coffins were furnished at short notice."

An affectionate Norwalk, Conn. husband recently sold his wife's clothing while she lay upon her death-bed, and sought solace for his aching heart by visiting Barnum's hippodrome in New York. On his return he found his wife dead, and his only remark was, "How natural she looks!"

A young man having put a crown piece into "the plate" in an Edinburgh church by mistake, instead of a penny, asked to have it back but was refused. In once in forever, "Aweel, aweel," granted he, "I will get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, the door-keeper, "Ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to give."

What a gentlemanly city St. Louis is. "Two gentlemen and a lady," said a St. Louis paper, "left for the penitentiary last evening." Only one sentence was needed to complete the picture. The villainous warden and his ruffianly assistants received the distinguished foreigners with the dignity becoming their rank and station. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Nothing procures love like humility; nothing hate like pride. The proud man walks among daggert points against him; whereas the humble and the affable have the people for their guard in danger. To be humble to our superiors is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, generosity; and these, notwithstanding their lowliness, carry such a powerful sway as to command men's hearts.

## Thoroughly Dashed.

Mr. Blank Dash of Campaign, Ill., has come to a realizing sense of the superiority of woman's wit, and is unhappy. He has the dearest little wife in the world, but a man can't be tied to a woman's apron string all the time, you know. Billiards and cards and the flowing bowl must receive their share of attention. So at least thought Mr. Dash, who evening after evening, found more illuring company than within his own house. It is sad to relate, but true, nevertheless, that Mr. Dash, generally returned home with a flushed face and a bad temper, and as a natural result Mrs. Dash felt like dropping in to a neighbor's of an evening and staying as long as good breeding permitted. This angered Mr. Dash. He thought his wife ought to be at home to receive him and listen to the heavy and oft-times disagreeable nothings which he had to say after parting with his boon companions. He decided to punish her for her unfaithful conduct—punish her severely. Pretending to be more than usually "overcome" he retired to bed early one night, and his wife went out to attend a little gathering at her friend's, near by. Then Mr. Dash arose, securely fastened the doors, and awaited developments. Mrs. Dash returned about eleven o'clock, and after trying vainly to gain admittance, discovered her husband at a window and implored him to let her in. He refused, and uttered oaths both loud and deep. Then she told him that if he didn't let her in she would do something desperate—throw herself into the cistern and allow him to be hanged for murder. He laughed scornfully, and she rushed to the back of the house and soon the splash of a log in the water was heard. Mr. Dash thought it about time to render some assistance, and opening the door went to the cistern. Mrs. Dash slipped into the house and turned the key, leaving the deluded man to enjoy the night air in an unwholesome uniform. He didn't take the turning of the tables kindly. He stormed and threatened to kick in the door, and the neighbors came to see what was the matter. Mrs. Dash was equal to the occasion. Her eloquence made a deep impression on the crowd and also her husband, who was only too glad to retire to the shades of private life when the door was at last opened. Mr. Dash will do so no more.

## Owning a Home.

The strength of the American Republic is in the universal desire to own a house. It is moulding all the people, native and foreign born, into one homogeneous mass. The ownership of a home is something of which neither the Irish peasant nor the German laborer has, in his own country, any conception, but it is here the goal of his hopes and desires. Education comes next; it is something the need of which is not felt until the adornments of home are thought of. This desire to own the roof under which one sleeps is distinctively an American characteristic, and seems by nature adapted to the growth which is raising us in importance in the scale of nations. It is the link which connects the man with the government; it adds to his interest in the making and execution of the laws, and identifies him with the usages and customs of the people. It is this element which gives the people of Switzerland their unity and power, and the lack of it causes nine-tenths of the unrest in Ireland. No feeling is stronger than the attachments of home, and no nation whose people possess this as a common sentiment can lose its liberties.

## THE LADIES.

Mrs. Mary Card has been nominated by the President to be Postmistress at Mason City, Iowa. A postal card, sure enough. Embroidered batiste linen suits will be very popular for travelling and street wear the coming summer. They are in patterns containing the requisite quantity for skirts and polonaise. "You were the prettiest girl at the matinee, the other day," said a young man to a fair creature. That was a compliment, but the addendum spoiled it. "John and I," continued he, "came to the conclusion we had never seen so many ugly and awkward women together in one hall at one time, in our lives." To those who are fastidious in small matters—which in truth make up human life—the use of badly made articles, from cheap and "trashy" materials, is a constant annoyance. It is cheaper in the end to purchase good materials and have them well made, both in dress and other essentials brought into daily requisition.

## Lunar Investigations.

One of the most eminent German astronomers, Prof. Hansen, claims to have proved, by his investigations, that the hemisphere of the moon, which alone is visible to us, is nothing but a mountain range, raised twenty-nine miles above the average level of the moon's surface—that is, that the centre of gravity of the moon is not her geometrical centre, but twenty-nine miles on the opposite side of that centre. According to this, the more solid part of the moon would be on the far side from the earth, and all that we see of her would be a bulging hemisphere, comparatively much less dense and weighty, projecting twenty-nine miles beyond the surface which the moon ought to show to us if the density were equal throughout; and if the hemisphere on this side, therefore, were uniform in weight and form with the hemisphere on the other side. Prof. H. supposes, in fact, that the moon turns a sort of tower of Babel, broken, porous, and therefore lighter substance to the earth, so that we see only an exaggerated Alpine or Andes region. If this theory be correct, the lunar atmosphere, if it exists at all, would certainly be attracted to the opposite or heavy side, and might well fail to be sensible at an elevation of twenty-nine miles.

## The New Geyser Basin.

That a new and most important geyser basin has been discovered in Eastern Montana, seems now unquestionable. It was visited last fall by the well known mountaineers Jack Baranett, John Dunn and John Allen. It is represented as much more extensive than any of the already explored basins, and to contain geysers of much greater force and volume than any yet described by tourists. One of these newly discovered geysers is estimated to throw a volume of water forty feet in diameter over five hundred feet high, and to continue in eruption from ten to fifteen minutes. It is also reported that in this newly discovered basin there are "mud volcanoes" far surpassing in volume and eruptive force those on the Upper Yellowstone. This unexplored spot of the most wonderful of all our natural wonders is about twenty-five miles south east of the summit of Mount Washburn, from which point the greater geysers, when in action, when the air is clear, are visible to the naked eye. —Grant Courier.

## Excellent Interest Rules.

Finding the interest on any principal for any number of days. The answer in each case being in cents, separate the two right-hand figures of the answer to express it in dollars and cents.  
Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate right-hand figure from product and divide by 9.  
Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 72.  
Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right-hand figure, and divide by 6.  
Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45.  
Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right-hand figure and divide by 4.  
Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 36.  
Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right-hand figure and divide by 3.  
Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 24.  
Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right-hand figure and divide by 2.  
Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 18.  
Twenty-four per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 15.

## Which Breed of Poultry Eats the Most.

On September the 1st, an Ohio poultry keeper took ten pullets of each of the breeds mentioned below, about six months old, gave them a yard forty feet square, with a comfortable house, and kept exact account of eggs and feed as follows: The Dark Brahmas ate 3694 qts. of corn, oats and wheat screenings, laid 605 eggs, and weighed 70 lbs. The Buff Cochins ate 460 qts., laid 591 eggs, and weighed 73 lbs. The Houdans ate 5143 qts., laid 763 eggs, and weighed 457 lbs. The Leghorns ate 321 qts., laid 804 eggs, and weighed 364 qts. The Houdans were the most profitable, next the Leghorns, and the Dorkings the least. —Buffalo Live Stock Journal.

## Our Social Life.

Some people never make acquaintances, but shut themselves up from their kind as does an oyster in his shell; while others—and by far the happiest, are never at a loss for a cheerful companionship. It is not hard to make acquaintances if we set about it the right way; but it is useless to hang back and wait for every door to be opened; we must push them ourselves. Said a lady to the other day, "I never make acquaintances in traveling, I wish I could." Said another: "I get acquainted with everybody. I talk to the women who sweep the ferry-boats, and to any decent person who happens to sit by me in the cars. I find every human heart is human, and that I can learn something I didn't know before from every new acquaintance, or communicate information that may be valuable to her." We are most of us too apt to stand on our dignity and wait for advances from others; to indulge a capacious disposition, and criticize where we should commend. The cultivation of a genial, charitable, benevolent spirit will not injure any of us, and will certainly benefit the community in which we live, and add constantly to the number of our friends.